



RANDOM
RHYMES.
BY E. W. R.



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RANDOM
RHYMES

To
J. M. Leveque Esq
With kind regards
from E. S. M.

RANDOM RHYMES

By
E. W. R.

"Pleasure is sometimes derived from the chance strains of an itinerant band."

LONDON
1909

PR
6000
R32

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Sister Nations

THE world's our home, and we fear no foe;
Our people thrive, whatever the strand:
We wander far, but where'er we go,
Our love remains for the mother land.

Honour be theirs who have helped to bind
The nations which to our race belong,
For those to come will be sure to find
United flags, that will brook no wrong.

Safe in the grasp of a mighty power
Will then be held the peace of the world;
Help for the weak, in the darkest hour,
Will surely come with those flags unfurled.

There's force to weld in the English tongue
A glorious bond for the growing nations;
Around the globe let this song be sung,
"We'll fight as one for our blood relations."

Trusting each other we'll stride along,
Singing together that English song,
"Should wrong be done to a sister nation,
We'll fight as one for our blood-relation."

The River

SINGING, dancing, playing,
Wand'ring on and never staying;
Babbling, trickling, dashing,
Then down the mossy boulders splashing,
Springs the infant river.

Roving, plunging, flowing,
Struggling on and ever growing;
Racing, swelling, streaming,
With all its rippling wavelets gleaming,
Runs the joyous river.

Rolling, twisting, coiling,
Along the wooded valleys toiling;
Pausing, creeping, gliding,
Amidst the stately trees now hiding,
Winds the brimming river.

Shooting, humming, curling,
Then down the foaming rapids swirling,
Smiling, sweeping, spreading;
Hurrying to the salt sea wedding,
Speeds the loving river.

The River

Drifting, sighing, heaving,
Whilst eager clouds a shroud are weaving;
Moaning, yielding, rending,
'Mong ocean mists its course is ending;
Farewell, fading river!

Life

OF buried hopes, I see the tombs,
That form a vista down the years,
And knowing how those hopes have died,
I scarce can check the rising tears.

The memory of the "might have been,"
Like rushing tempest, sweeps the soul;
But idle now are all regrets,
I ne'er may reach the longed-for goal.

The clear cut line shows where the crest
Is close ahead against the light,
And o'er its brink departing friends
Are ever passing from my sight.

Though close at hand the dark abyss
Where ever ends this human strife,
No dread of that last fatal leap
Shall have the power to mar my life.

The loving hearts which still are left
Shall prove enough for all my needs;
With swinging stride and fearless front
I'll tread the path where duty leads.

A Savage Club Greeting

WELCOME all within these portals,
Sure are you to find a friend,
If you are but kindly mortals
Who a helping hand will lend.
Though we're known by name of "Savage,"
Still we dwell in pleasant den,
And the only things we ravage
Are the brains of clever men.

Here we claim as ours the Muses,
And we treat them as we please;
Each may court the one he chooses,
Paying homage at his ease.
True it is that all should number
Hours of pleasure during life,
So whilst here let sorrow slumber
Let us shun all care and strife.

Brothers all accept our greeting,
We rejoice to see you here,
Taking part in friendly meeting
Of the club we hold so dear;

A Savage Club Greeting

Now proceed to do your duty,
As becomes each savage true,
Show your love for art and beauty,
And our meetings oft renew.

Old Japan

WHO has not heard, from childhood's
days,

The hundred yarns and oft sung lays,
Of old Japan, where dwells a race
Of girls divine, whose form and face
Have filled us all with thoughts of love,
And made us think how far above
All other girls these maids must be,
Who squat on floors to drink their tea?
The men, also, 'twas understood,
Were, for their sex, extremely good,
And passed their time in gentle arts,
And all through life played kindly parts;
Except when forced to fight some foe,
And then, of course, they'd strike a blow;
But with such tact and self-restraint,
They made you think each Jap a saint.

Judge then our glee, when came the day
On which from home we sped away
To see, first hand, that land divine,
Where much they love the Saki-wine.

Old Japan

Though all the world outside were dull,
Japan, at least, our minds would lull
With visions bright of women fair,
Who coyly hide from vulgar stare,
And look with such appealing eyes,
They make men wish they owned the prize.

Arrived at last near Nippon's strand,
In Sampan neat, we gained the land,
Then searched around with eager gaze,
Amid the streets of Kobe's maze,
To try and find those visions bright
That grace Japan and cause delight
To those that read the wondrous tales
Of ladies fair and gentle males,
Who live amid these pleasant isles,
Where nature wears her broadest smiles.

By tram and rail, by man and horse,
Right through the land we shaped our course,
In every town of size and note,
By road and lane, on board each boat;

Old Japan

To right and left, above, below,
We went where'er a man could go;
But all in vain we sought the prize,
We found the books had told us lies:

Not one of all the women there
Could claim the fame of being fair.
If pigeon toes and crooked knees,
With scarce a feature that can please:
If flattened chest and narrow hips,
With slanting eyes and painted lips:
If shuffling gait—and stupid leer
Be claimed as something bright and dear,
Then, only then, can Japanese
Be held as having right to please.

The dream is o'er, we know the truth:
The tales we read in early youth
Were made to sell, both—they and us:
The things of which they made a fuss,

Old Japan

Exist not in that eastern land.
But on those shores there dwells a band
Of women sly and cunning boys,
Who know the white man's taste soon cloy;
And so they serve him as he wishes
With many quaint and curious dishes.
Their much-famed skill and subtle art
Are used to make the stranger part
With dollars bright, for which they yearn;
They care not how that coin they earn;
Their finest daughters they will sell,
And think they've gained the money well.

The Gate

ONLY you and I, just standing at the gate;
The vows you whispered then sufficed to
seal our fate.

You believed me rich, and so our troth we
plighted:

A story of a weak man, and two lives now
blighted.

Here again we meet, after the lapse of years.

Your path has been a rough one, mine not free
from tears.

Ah! who knows? Had you been firm, or I but
staid,

Perchance a better part in life we both had played.

Our love's dream is o'er, and now once more
we stand

On the same spot, face to face, in the dear old
land,

Where, in early days, I thought to be your wife.
How many bitter memories cling around that life?

The Gate

Shall I, at this meeting which must be our last,
Speak of that fatal day and all our wasted past;
Taunt you with the stupid lie you told me then,
Or thank you for the truth you wrote with
candid pen?

No, 'tis too late now to open up the heart;
With casual words and smiles and shake of
hands we'll part;
No reproach for your mistake may now be spoken;
Of that, the mockery of our lives sufficient token.

Books

OF all the friends that we can find,
Our hearts relieving, when we're grieving
And bringing balm to soothe the mind,
Our books rank first, whate'er their kind.

A book, though bound in cloth or calf,
With covers rare or almost bare,
Is just a sort of mental staff,
On which we lean to sigh or laugh.

If, when they're read we've thrown them by
With little care, we know not where,
Our thoughts to them will often fly,
And then in vain we wish them nigh.

Jack Frost

ROUND the house, the jealous wind
With eager rush attempts to find
An entrance to our cosy room,
Where crackling fire dispels the gloom.

Flashing bright, o'er couch and chair,
The cheerful glow, with ruddy glare,
Appears to scoff old Father Frost,
And tease the gale, for labour lost.

Light and shade cross-hatch the walls,
And now and then a shadow falls,
When sudden sinks the flickering flame,
That seems to play some subtle game.

All in vain are windows fast,
To guard us 'gainst the whitening blast ;
Jack Frost crept in some years ago,
And on our heads piled up the snow.

Arlington Heights, Washington

FIT home of departed braves;
Scene of sweet repose and beauty:
Loved and guarded be the graves
Of those men who died for duty.

Here are lying side by side
Gallant hearts that would not yield;
Men who fought with hero pride,
Giving life their land to shield.

All amidst the grass and flowers
We survey each treasured bed.
Standing 'neath the shady bowers,
We who live salute the dead.

Take the laurels that we bring—
You who rest in shrouds so royal.
Ever more your names shall ring,
You who died so brave and loyal.

Those to come your deeds shall tell,
And your graves, with wreaths renew:
Though we now must say farewell,
Still our thoughts will rest with you.

The Wanganui

ONCE closely pressed to Tongariro's heart,
Thou art the child of the cloud and the cliff;
With many gleeful bounds and wanton steps,
'Midst bush and crag, thy joyous course begins.

And when at length, with all thy full-grown
powers,

Thou glidest with calm majesty to join
The mighty ocean whence thy spirit came;
Who, of thy beauty, then, shall fitly sing?

No tongue may tell the joy that comes to him
Who, on thy breast, in peace, floats with the
stream,

Forgetting life with all its jangling cares,
Content, the while, to dream alone of thee.

Canoeing

ON the river smoothly floating;
In the channel gently gliding;
O'er the beauties idly gloating,

Whilst the steersman's deftly guiding
Our frail canoe around each bend.

Past the mountains have we drifted,

O'er the rippling dancing waters,
And our eyelids scarce are lifted,

As we pass the dark-skinned daughters,
Who, homewards now, their footsteps wend.

How we dread the coming morrow,

That we know must end this pleasure.
For the river we shall sorrow;

Thoughts of it will fill our leisure,
And make us long to drift once more.

When to other scenes we wander,

With our memories tinged with sadness,
We shall never fail to ponder,

On the days we passed in gladness,
Whilst paddling where the rapids roar.

Quebec

BY a noble river,
Stands an ancient town;
There the sun-rays quiver,
On the waters rushing down;
Forts above are showing
Guns that guard the way:
O'er the river flowing,
How the drifting shadows play.

Gaul and Saxon mingle,
Brothers true are they:
Weak if they were single,
Now they stand in strong array.
Round about each steeple,
Glist'ning in the sun,
Free and joyous people,
Find that town a happy one.

Wolfe to do his duty
Died to gain those heights,
Where in midst of beauty
Men have fought a hundred fights.

Quebec

With fresh wreaths of laurels
We their graves will deck:
Past are all their quarrels,
Now they sleep in old Quebec.

The Vestibule

PASSING through those swinging doors,
Great the crowd that comes and goes;
Gliding o'er the marble floors,
Strange the tide that ebbs and flows.

Footsteps light and heavy tread,
Sombre hues, and colours bright;
Badly trained and college bred
Mingle here from morn till night.

Some there are with solemn brows,
Showing signs of worldly care.
These salute with formal bows,
Or advance with vacant stare.

Others laugh with careless glee,
As they enter from the street;
Life for them from care is free;
With a joke their friends they greet.

Down the hall, on soft settees,
Watching close those doors of glass,
Loungers, sitting at their ease,
Make a note of all who pass.

The Vestibule

Here, within, is quiet life,
Just outside, the city roars;
Rubicon, twixt peace and strife,
Are those wide and swinging doors.

Good-bye

GOOD-BYE to you, dear friends,
Who gave to life an extra pleasure;
Sadness with longing blends
When I recall our days of leisure.

Although to distant climes
I now am forced by fate to wander,
The memory of those times
Will make my thoughts of you grow fonder.

I conjure up the days,
We strolled in lovely summer weather;
The nights we saw the plays
And supped like good old chums together.

The walks we used to take,
To view the busy streets at leisure;
The jokes we used to make,
I'll always think of them with pleasure.

That time we tried to roam
Away from London's waning season,
But found we pined for home,
And hurried back without much reason.

Good-bye

The Stratford trip we took,
To Shakespeare's home through which we wandered,

And saw that rare old book,
With legends quaint, o'er which we pondered.

The day we motored round,
To see Northampton's lordly hall,
That stands on classic ground,
Where heroes fell at duty's call.

We lived old times again,
When told the story, by our host,
About the valiant men
Who fought in vain to save their post.

Of this I feel no doubt,
Around my heart you wove a tether
Long years can ne'er blot out
The happy days we passed together.

Nagasaki

NAGASAKI, strange old town,
Where first we saw the Japs at home;
All admire your wooded heights,
Where Loti loved at eve to roam.

Hill and dale and fairy bay
Invest you with a wondrous charm;
Sights all new so fill your streets,
They bring to wearied minds a balm.

Nagasaki, town of note,
Full much in you we 've found to please;
Still a house with nought but floor
Is scarce the place to sit at ease.

When we tried to eat your food,
And look as if we liked it well,
Though your girls around us danced,
We found that meal a horrid sell.

First, some tiny cups of tea
Were brought by maids in dresses neat;
Chopsticks then were handed round,
In vain with them we tried to eat.

Nagasaki

Seaweed cold and bamboo hot,
Served up with rice, and uncooked fish,
Though, no doubt, a novel feed,
Formed not for us a tempting dish.

Glad were we to get away,
And have a chance to break our fast;
Ne'er shall we forget that fraud
They call a Japanese repast.

Ambition

A MIDST the cares and toils of life,
The years creep on, that tell the tale
Of banished hopes, and all the strife,
For wealth and power, which ever fail,
If won with ease, or dearly bought,
To bring, when gained, the pleasure sought.

'Twere better far, to rest content
With modest aims than seek to gain
Supposed success, that's only lent
At cost of nerve and troubled brain:
A burden from whose heavy weight
Relief is often sought too late.

He wins best prize in this world's fight,
Who makes resolve not much to dare
For undue wealth or transient might;
He, blessed with health and free from care,
May well afford to meet life's trials,
With stalwart front and happy smiles.

Tarawera

ON the far-off shore,
Is heard my loud roar,
As I wake on this fateful night;
By the lava's glow
I struggle below,
Then hurl to heaven a signal light.

Past sleep of ages,
My bosom rages,
As I strive for the freedom of air;
At last I throw down
My scoriac crown,
To revel amid the lightning's glare.

I am a token
That "Tapu" broken
Is sin that death must atone;
And so have they found
Who trespassed on ground
That belonged to me alone.

Tarawera

Though my heart be sore,
I will rage no more,
But soothe my mad soul with slumber;
No more will I rend,
Or my fires expend,
Nor fresh victims seek to number.

Burma

GOLDEN rays from Pagoda Domes,
That rise midst Burma's teak and palm,
Bring tempting dreams of tropic homes,
Where peace accords, for toil, a balm.

A magic wand has touched the Plain,
Where once the tiger sought its lair;
The man of work has come to reign,
And signs of wealth are everywhere.

Shoeless feet of an Eastern Race
Are marking time to Western songs;
The gods of sloth are losing grace,
As thrift is learnt by eager throngs.

The flag of right that's raised on high,
Will guard that land from tyrant's sway;
For pioneers, who do or die
The light of hope must guide the way.

The Vow

THIS vow to her, whom he loves the best;
The same they pledged in the long ago;
"Upon life's tide, till we take our rest,
We will share alike, the ebb and flow."

True love lies deep in the human heart,
It changeth not with the storm or calm;
Of every mind 'tis the noblest part,
For the ills of life, the only balm.

Lucky are they, who, by love are bound,
And luckier still if that love ne'er turn;
What is this life, but a gloomy round,
If the lamp of love has ceased to burn?

Riches and power have a transient sway,
Their sweetness oft-times is turned to gall;
The only sweet that is sure to stay,
Is the love that binds for once and all.

Bless New Zealand

GOD bless this southern strand,
Long may our country stand,
A true free land,
In art victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Loved home for all of us,
Bless New Zealand.

O Lord, thy gifts bestow,
And let thy favours flow,
On this our land.
Let us dwell on in peace,
And make our flocks increase,
Nor let thy mercies cease;
Bless New Zealand.

On this our happy shore
Be pleased thy gifts to pour
With lavish hand.
A fearless race and free
For ever let us be,
We beg, O Lord of Thee,
Bless New Zealand.

Zealandia's Playground

IF aching heart from grief would seek release,
Or wearied mind attempt to find a balm
By fleeing to some home of hope and peace,
Where tears are turned to smiles and storm
to calm.

The light of hope directs its guiding ray
To sunny lands, near Taupo's inland sea,
Where peace and beauty ever hold the sway,
And nature seems to smile as though in glee.

The green-clad hills are scarred by steaming rifts,
And shady woods hide brooks, that sing all
day
A constant hymn of praise for nature's gifts,
Of foaming falls, which dash on high their
spray.

The clouds find homes, where peaks are capped
with snow,
Whence struggling torrents rush, the plains
to greet,
And then to marge of bush-bound lakelets flow
Where timid wild-fowl seek a safe retreat.

Zealandia's Playground

The crystal bath of beauty may be found
Where crimson bushes guard the secret way.
There seething pools escape o'er terraced ground,
Whilst close at hand the rhythmic geysers
play.

The warning Tea-tree guards the boiling pool
From which the spreading steam around is
swirled;
Instinct with health, the air is fresh and cool,
And sordid care seems banished from the
world.

Far be the day when Vandal hands shall seek
To mar such beauty with the axe or plough;
That landscape fair of bush and shady creek
Must rest for those to come as fair as now.

Ascent of Fuji Yama

FUJI San, thou sacred mount,
Where good Japs climb up to pray,
All who would thy temples count,
Debt of toil, to thee, must pay.

Plodding on for weary miles,
Climbed we not thy sides so tall?
Know we not thy many trials?
Have we not endured them all?

Setting forth at break of day,
From Gotemba where we slept,
Soon our rikshas found their way
To the place where steeds are kept.

Subashiri, this is called;
Here we mounted horses strong,
Whilst around us natives bawled;
Glad were we to quit the throng.

'Midst a forest, up we rode,
Then we let the horses feed;
After lunch, on foot we strode,
Sending back each tired steed.

Ascent of Fuji Yama

Later on, we left the trees,
Then the men who bore our packs,
Stopped awhile to take their ease
And to rest their aching backs.

Upwards then we slowly toiled,
Each with staff to feel the way:
Through a dust that grimed and soiled,
On we crawled till close of day.

Then we reached a hut of stones,
Which is known as Number Six,
Here to rest our weary bones
We contrived a camp to fix.

Through the night, a cold intense
Robbed us of our usual sleep,
And the hut with smoke was dense,
From a fire the Japs would keep.

Glad were we to gain the air,
Though the day had scarce begun;
Never saw we sight more fair
Than the glorious rising sun.

Ascent of Fuji Yama

From our feet a mass of clouds
Spread away in mystic waves;
Gliding o'er them giant shrouds,
Seemed to steel from hidden graves.

Bursting forth, the crimson sun
Chased away the lurking night,
Then to prove his task was done,
All the valleys filled with light.

Looking down, the rifts between,
Views divine, our eyes did greet;
Forests, lakes and plains were seen
Down below, ten thousand feet.

Turning from that dizzy view,
Up we climbed o'er rugged ground,
Steeper still the mountain grew,
Closer crept the mists around.

Near the top arrived at last,
We ascended man by man
By some rugged steps, and passed
To the crown of Fuji San.

Ascent of Fuji Yama

Knowing how that mount we climbed,
You shall learn what there we saw;
Our ascent was badly timed,
We saw fog and nothing more.

Egypt

MEN of every race
Side by side
In this ancient place
Sit astride,
And without disgrace
Donkeys ride.

Yellow, black and white
Greet each other;
Taking great delight
When they smother
With embraces tight
One another.

In this sultry land
All are stewed:
On the desert sand
Beggars rude
Form a motley band,
Almost nude.

Egypt

Here the favourite mammal
Has a hump;
With a rope as trammel
And a thump
Boys make each tall camel
Squeal and jump.

In each narrow street,
'Oh, they're sly!
All of those you meet
Have a try
If they can to cheat,
When you buy.

Honest there are none;
So beware:
All tell lies for fun
Without care,
And the swindling done
They think fair.

Egypt

Women for disguise
Wear a veil,
And their flashing eyes
Never fail
Hearts of e'en the wise
To assail.

On the muddy Nile
Tourists float
For mile after mile
In a boat,
And of early style
Make a note.

Fine for them to glide,
At their ease,
On the river wide,
Clear of fleas,
With a native guide
Whom they tease.

Egypt

Then they never fail,
For it's right,
Though it may be stale,
As a sight,
Pyramids to scale
With delight.

Minarets of stone
Pierce the sky;
Tombs, for kings alone,
Stand close by:
Now those kings to bone
People try.

Land where seasons sunny
Almost bore:
Land for spending money
Quite a store:
Land of fellah funny,
Au Revoir.

The Avon

TO-DAY, the sun shines with a golden
glow
On daisied banks that hug the sparkling stream,
Whose circling ripples flash awhile and fade,
As though, in sport, they played at hide and
seek.

The balmy breeze is breathing, sweet and low,
A loving tale to tender trembling leaves;
Whilst, far above, the skylark trills its lay,
And all the air is sweet with scent of spring.

Life's Crown

THE laurel of fight,
The crown for life's pains,
And man's chief delight,
Is love that he gains.

The love that ne'er dies
As years roll along;
And though his wealth flies
Becomes still more strong.

That lasts down the years,
And adds a bright page,
Unblotted by tears,
To records of age.

Not woman's alone,
But also of friends,
Such love will atone
For ills that fate sends.

To Charles Warner

CHARLES WARNER, man of gentle heart,
There's not, on this world's stage, another
Who plays in life a better part
As loving father, friend and brother.

Though plaudits loud greet him each night,
From London crowds the most exacting,
He takes the lead with most delight,
When he as private friend is acting.

Long may he grace the double rôle
Of star and man of upright dealing;
So wish the friends who know his soul
Is filled with naught but kindly feeling.

And when at last the end draws nigh,
That end which is the one thing certain,
May all his scenes, in peace, glide by,
And time let gently fall the curtain.

Hasty Judgment

HOW apt men are to think
That they can judge a nation:
Then, with a knowing wink,
Impart some information
Of facts and scraps
That they perhaps
Have learnt by merely reading;
With style they smile,
Then talk awhile,
Without their words much heeding.
But if, by chance, their fate
Should cause them far to wander,
They then find out, though late,
'Tis best, o'er words, to ponder;
And not say what
They've merely got
From books that are romances:
They'll steer then clear
Of falsehoods queer
And tales that are but fancies.

Curio-Shopping in Japan

HAVING viewed the novel sights
Of a city Japanese,
Our bland guide asserts his rights,
To annex a little squeeze.

To a shop with shelves well laden,
He directs our prying eyes;
There we see a prim dressed maiden,
And the men from whom one buys.

Wonderful the quaint old dishes,
And the many works of art;
Strange the things that out one fishes;
Much the coin with which we part.

Dragons fierce in finest china;
Vases strange of every hue;
No "Owari" could be finer
Than those cups of turquoise blue.

Satsuma, quite modern-dated,
Better far than older kinds;
All in price most highly rated,
This, alas, one quickly finds.

Curio-Shopping in Japan

Bronzes rich, which cause a longing;
Lacquer work of queer device;
Though no soul we think of wronging,
Still we have to argue price.

Cloisonné with colours changing,
Knowledge here can find a test;
Through a hundred classes ranging,
Very few can pick the best.

Whilst our cash we're nearly halving,
We observe against the wall,
Lovely piece of ivory carving,
Fit to grace some lordly hall.

How we feast our eyes upon it,
Wishing much to own the prize;
Worthy it of poet's sonnet;
Now, of course, more money flies.

When at last we're almost broken,
And we think our shopping done,
Then our folly gives a token,
That it really likes the fun.

Curio-Shopping in Japan

Right and left we spend our money,
In a sort of playful way,
And we think the parting funny,
Till we reckon up next day.

From the spell we then awaken
With a sort of half regret,
And our nerves are somewhat shaken
By a fear of future debt.

Still the game was worth the candle,
For we own the things we sought;
Though less cash we now can handle,
We are proud of all we bought.

As for him who took us shopping,
Child-like smiles adorn his face:
Soft he asks—"Shall we be stopping?"
Plain to see he likes his place.

A Reverie

WITH twilight hour there comes the
thought

Of bygone years and all the cost
Of worldly knowledge dearly bought
At price of faith for ever lost.

How bright was youth when full of hope,
We thought that life from grief was free,
And of our trials took little note,
Nor dreamt of ills we did not see.

Alas, the change! the world we know
Is not so fair as once we thought;
Our friends do not all virtues show,
And perfect men in vain are sought.

And yet of joy life's not bereft,
When round the hearth contentment reigns;
Though much be lost, there's ample left,
If hope endures and love remains.

After the Vacation

AND now once more I don the coat
Of formal cut and waistcoat trim,
With collar tight that nips the throat,
And makes the form look starched and prim.

In vain I think of days of ease,
When through the bush, devoid of care,
We jogged along with none to please,
Or take offence at clothes threadbare.

But now, alas! I 'm homeward bound,
And must, perforce, comply with rules,
Made up of cant and empty sound,
That only serve to make us fools.

And yet through all I 'll fondly cling
To mem'ry dear of days gone by,
And never cease their praise to sing,
Or for the past to softly sigh.

The Lucania

13,000 Tons, 30,000 H.P.

"**L**UCANIA," ship of mighty form,
With speed that is to all surprising;
No care have you for calm or storm;
You bow to waves instead of rising:
Your pulses beat
With fever heat.
You skim the main,
With loosened rein,
Nor pause for aught but fog.
From east or west
You do the best
Of any boat
That is afloat,
More miles each day you log.
Your cabins hold a motley throng
Of quite a dozen different nations;
By night and day you tear along;
Your men are always at their stations:
The stewards sleek
Are mild and meek;

The Lucania

With civil ways
They pass their trays,
And help each guest with care.
The food is good,
One hardly could
Expect at sea
That there should be
A better bill of fare.

Your passengers are mostly found,
That is, if not engaged in eating,
Ensconced in seats, arranged around
The decks or other place of meeting;
Some pass away
The livelong day
At games of skill,
The time to kill,
Whilst others read a book.
Some puff a cloud,
Or talk aloud;
Whilst here and there
A friendly pair
Seek out a cosy nook.

The Lucania

Though soon we all must say "good-bye,"

To you as well as to each other:

And though to different scenes we fly,

In vain we'll seek regret to smother,

For on this trip,

You've proved a ship,

Of which we're proud,

And now aloud

Your praise we gladly sing.

To all the crew

Who work in you,

And guide your flight,

By day and night,

We hope good luck you'll bring.

The Jinrikisha

MANY sing aloud the praises
Of some swift and stately steed;
Some recount in polished phrases
All the charms of railway speed.

Some delight in sailing vessel,
Others boast of motor cars;
Women like in cabs to nestle
Where they're safe from ruffling jars.

There are some who swear they're dying
Just to own some trotting horse;
There are those who rave of trying
With balloons to steer their course.

Bicycles are much in fashion;
Maidens fair and stalwart lads
Ride machines they cut a dash on:
Every age has got its fads.

Those who skate pronounce it charming,
Quick they glide where'er they please
At an angle quite alarming,
Twisting round with perfect ease.

The Jinrikisha

All of these are merely dreaming,
Victims they of sheer deceit;
What they praise is just a seeming,
They know not the Rik'sha fleet.

If they did, there'd be no raving
Over risky horse or chaise;
Men for cars would stop their craving,
Rikishas alone they'd praise.

Let them only once be seated
In a Riksha neat and light,
Shaded from a sky that's heated,
Pulled by Japs, so strong and slight.

Then they'd laugh at all their brothers,
Who extol a tram or boat;
They would simply scorn all others,
Who on cars or horses dote.

Fifty miles a day they'd travel,
Never feeling shake or bruise;
Every scene they would unravel,
Finding plenty to amuse.

The Jinrikisha

Far they'd journey, without caring,
Guided by their coursers slim;
None could well be better faring
Than a man in Riksha trim.

Recompense

IF fortune seem her back to turn,
And leave you stranded in your grief,
You still, from fate, enough may earn,
To bring the heart some slight relief.

The grasp of Friendship's faithful hand,
The loving voice that breathes your name,
May seem to you more truly grand
Than all you've lost in wealth and fame.

Aux Dames

WHEN life has lost its wonted calm,
And hearts are sore distressed,
'Tis said that music hath a charm
To soothe the aching breast.

Should fate persist our hopes to mar,
And songs be sung in vain,
A spell there is, more potent far,
Than music's sweetest strain.

In woman's voice and woman's eyes
There's magic to beguile:
When life's o'ercast they steal the sighs,
And leave a sunny smile.

When gentle voice and lustrous eyes
Seek aid from music's powers,
Within the three, a spell there lies
To speed the happy hours.

La Belle Française

RIGHT to your heart she quickly glides,
With spirits light,
Piquant and bright,
She makes you love the rein that guides.

To wind your heart in silken folds,
Her glossy hair
Is quite a snare,
And makes you seek the mesh that holds.

She's all that ever lover wished;
Her perfect taste
And slender waist
Are more than man could e'er resist.

She leads you captive to her will;
With sparkling wit,
And loving fit,
She seems in life a void to fill.

On all who come within her power,
Bewitching maid,
She makes a raid,
And then they dread the parting hour.

Italia

DAUGHTER of a sunny land,
How you seem to suit the glow;
Every spot on which you stand,
Seems a place for love to grow.

Laughing lips and teeth of pearl;
Pencilled brows and lustrous eyes;
Raven hair with teasing curl;
Who can look and feel they're wise?

Rounded bust and graceful form,
With an air that's full of fun:
Every heart you take by storm,
Every sense by you is won.

Quick of wit and lithe of limb,
All around you graces play:
From a maid so sweet and trim
Hard to tear one's self away.

Germania

WITH dainty step she threads her way;
With silken band her waist is girt;
She gives her limbs the fullest play,
In bodice loose and shortened skirt.

In braids her flaxen hair hangs down,
Her eyes of blue are soft and calm;
Although she wears a simple gown
She knows full well the way to charm.

'Twere hard to find from pole to pole,
A sweeter face or brighter mind;
They stir regard deep in the soul,
And round the heart a cordon bind.

Ah! sad it is to say farewell,
And take the flight so long delayed:
No verse can ever fitly tell
One's deep regard for you, fair maid.

Hawaiian Maids

BRIGHT daughters of a land,
Where nature sports in fiery glee;
Like birds on wing, your lives are free,
Upon Hawaii's strand.

With voices soft and low,
You chant your wooing Hulas sweet;
With tender words, your friends you greet;
No worldly care you know.

Away from want and strife,
Astride your steeds and decked with flowers,
You pass in peace the fleeting hours,
And lead a joyous life.

Aloha, maidens bright,
We bid you now a long farewell;
But few the years, your race shall tell,
Aloha, Heart's delight.

Indiana

YOUNG India has a copper skin,
With eyes as dark as misty night;
Her hands are small, her dress is thin,
She decks herself with anklets bright.

All tinselled is her gauzy robe,
Her many bangles look quite gay;
With freer step no deer e'er strode,
On her dark locks the sunbeams play.

She has a form a queen might prize,
Around her lips the dimples play,
But time with her too quickly flies,
And steals, alas! that grace away.

Ah, dark for her the speeding years,
That mar too soon her transient charms,
That leave no balm for bitter tears,
For faded form no loving arms.

Spitzbergen:

AN ACROSTIC

S HROUDED in mist and o'erwhelmed with
Sⁿow,
P all'd by a night that forgets the sun,
I n frozen clasp of the crushing floe,
T hy heart is sad for the absent one.
Z one of the seal and the northern light,
B are quick thy breast to the coming dawn;
E nthralled no more by the dreary night,
R eturn with flowers, the salute of morn;
G lad is thy heart and forgotten thy doom;
E scaped at last from the biting blast,
N o trace hast thou of thy winter's gloom.

Lake Louise:

THE BLUE GLACIER LAKE IN THE ROCKIES

AN ACROSTIC

L OUISE, with cloak of turquoise
hue,
Of genial warmth no trace have you;
Upon your tranquil frigid breast,
In vain, have wooers sought to rest:
Serene, with depths, as yet unmeasured,
Enigma you, quite cold, yet treasured.

E. B.

WRITTEN AT LAKE COMO

· AN ACROSTIC

EARNEST and sweet, a maid I
know;

Dowered is she with air serene;
In all her moods she e'er doth show
That treasured gift, a graceful mien.

Here by the lake, in shady glade,
Balmily lulled by wooing breeze,
On cushioned seat, 'neath leafy shade,
Unheeding care, she dreams at ease.

Long may they last, dreams of delight,
Though every phase of life's best parts:
Esteemed and loved, a woman's right,
Reign she as queen, a Queen of Hearts.

Kilcop

AN ACROSTIC

HARD by the sea,
In the midst of the trees,
Is a haven of rest,
Where you dream at your ease.

L ost to the world
Is that home of repose,
D eep in the woods,
Where the daffodil grows.

A nger and spite,
Should they lie round in wait,
C onfounded by love,
Will ne'er find the gate.

O ut in the open,
Though skies be not fair,
G uarded from harm,
Are the dwellers in there.

H ome of the Coghlan's,
Down there by the sea,
L ong may you prosper,
From troubles be free.

Kilcop

Au revoir, not adieu,
To husband and wife,
Naught may they know
But the pleasures of life.

A. R.

A CCEPT this greeting, son of mine;
Long may you live, and may fate bring
Life's best reward, which I define

As "peace of mind," though poets sing
No praise of such a simple pleasure.

Reflect right well, before you act,

Observe the dictates of your reason;
Perform your part with grace and tact;

Enjoy yourself whate'er the season.
Regarding health as man's chief treasure.

Letters

WHEN pines the wanderer for his home,
With void in heart and soul in fetters,
No wish has he to further roam,
He sighs alone for loving letters.

If by some chance the mail arrives,
And brings not e'en a line to cheer him,
To check his griefs in vain he strives,
He cares not then where fate may steer him.

But when, perhaps, another day,
There comes a batch, of size alarming,
He finds the work of life mere play,
And thinks his voyage really charming.

Blake's

WE toiled through bush, we dashed o'er
plain,
And plunged through many a river;
We felt scant joy on Ngauruhoe,
Where we had to stand and shiver.

At length we've found a place of rest,
By the side of the Taupo Lake;
And so we smoke and crack our joke
In the house of the genial Blake.

Japs at Home

SEE the men trotting fast,
With their loads, great and small;
Smiling maids shuffling past,
Shoulders bent, never tall.

How polite people seem,
Rubbing knees when they greet,
With delight faces beam,
When by chance old friends meet.

Men at work almost bare,
Women, too, nearly nude;
But at them none do stare,
Such a course would seem rude.

People live in a style
That is quaint, without shame;
Little on but a smile,
None to praise, none to blame.

In soft shoes made of straw,
Riksha boys jog along;
All the day they will draw,
Toiling hard for a song.

Japs at Home

Artists deft, plodding slow,
Do their work, fine and true:
Little odds where you go
You will find something new.

Absence

“’TIS absence makes the heart grow
fonder”;

All the world has heard that song;
But to prove it, you must wander,
Then you learn for friends to long.

By night and day an aching feeling,
Comes to those who have to roam,
And for that pain the only healing,
Is the balm of “Home sweet Home.”

The Way to Dine

THIS is the way I like to dine,
Food of the best on china rare,
Glasses a few of sparkling wine,
Fruit that is choice, and friends to share.

Tempered the light with rosy shade,
Plenty of fun and words that please,
Servants at hand with manners staid;
That is the way to dine at ease.

After the fruit a friendly smoke,
With liqueurs and *café noir*;
A hearty laugh at some new joke,
A parting song and then *Bon soir*!

The Sandwich Islands

WE 'VE seen those Rocky Isles,
O'er which some poets love to rave;
The sheltered nooks they seem to crave,
Arouse in us but smiles.

Instead of leafy bowers,
And mossy banks with flashing streams,
O'er which the sparkling sunlight gleams,
To woo the gorgeous flowers,

We found a land of stone,
A scene of scrubby desolation,
Not worth the claim of any nation,
A land one scarce would own.

Good-bye, thou Paradise,
Of lava plain and slaggy height!
No love for you will stop our flight,
Your shores are far from nice,
Farewell!

Parted

FAREWELL, my good and constant friend,
A ruthless hand has torn you from my side;
Alone my weary way I wend,
I've lost, alas! my chief support and pride.

Ah! who can tell the grief I felt,
When first I knew that you had really flown?
Where you had stood I sadly knelt,
The only sound I uttered was a groan.

Although I wander o'er the earth,
To meet, perchance, a host of friends more grand;
With grief I'll think of all your worth,
And fret to leave you on a foreign strand.

No friend will better shelter me,
Nor guard my brow, than you so oft have done;
Too bad it was that you should flee,
Of many trials, this is the hardest one.

May maledictions fall on him
Who brought to me this sad and lasting grief:
His love was but a sordid whim;
Bad luck attend that base umbrella thief.

The First Ride

THE sun is not yet high, old Boy,
The weather's scarcely fair,
And e'en the thought of getting up,
Is more than I can bear.
The sights you like to talk about,
I desire not to see;
This room, though not so very grand,
Is good enough for me.

You make the pace too fast, old Boy,
I really am not well;
The pain I've felt since that first ride,
No words of mine can tell.
You like to force me up steep hills,
And gallop past each rise;
Then, when you see I am done up,
Oh, why express surprise?

You will not let me drive, old Boy,
And say you've stood enough,
And when I plead for time to learn,
You talk about "a muff."

The First Ride

That time I tried to guide the pair,
You whispered in my ear
Some words which, though you thought
them smart,
I decline to mention here.

You'd tear me from my bed, old Boy,
And force me out to tub,
Then sit me on some fiendish horse,
Ah! there's the blessed rub.
I would not mind the burning sun,
Nor dread I much the rain;
But to sit upon the old spot,
I cannot bear the pain.

Yes, leave me if you please, old Boy;
I still am very sore,
And as for all smart travelling,
I don't want any more.
Only kindly tell the landlord,
I think he's somewhere near,
I'd like to have a cooling drink.
What sort? Well, bitter beer.

The Genii of Niagara

A DOWN the land,
Niagara's rushing waters dash,
And by its banks a band
Of thieving harpies seek the cash
Of all who dare
Within their sordid reach to stray;
Not one they ever spare;
To lie and cheat, for them, is play.

Though grand and vast
That wondrous ever thund'ring fall,
Yet it must reckon last,
And be considered really small;
For now it's always placed,
In a manner, side by side
With the greed that's plainly traced
Upon the features coarse and wide
Of that great grasping gang,
Who crowd along its shore,
And make their raucous voices clang
In one o'erwhelming roar.

The Genii of Niagara

Yes, giant fall, now go,
Though you cut such a dash
With your everlasting splash,
And hide far down below,
Too small are you to show
Where such mighty swindlers grow.

A Rondeau

TOWZER grabbed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair he sat in.
Yes, you thief, who love to get
At edge of hole, with rat in;
You have made me very bad
Since by my poor leg you nabbed me.
Now, to other complaints, I add:
Towzer grabbed me.

A Slow Ship

DULLNESS now asserts its sway;
Not a song is ever heard;
E'en the children shirk their play,
No one speaks a cheerful word.

Smiles are only known by name;
Sad the looks of all who meet;
Old and young are all the same,
Gravely they each other greet.

When they sit to eat their meals,
Round they gaze with saddened eyes;
Ill at ease then each one feels,
Laugh or joke would cause surprise.

Some day, if they reach the shore,
They, perhaps, may smile again,
But till then they've sworn a swore
That they'll all be solemn men.

Noses

NOSES ruddy and noses bright,
What are the drinks that his face discloses?
Far from upright, in the fading light,
Memories come to him here to-night
Of a crowd of friends who have coloured their
noses.

Memories come as the sunbeams fade,
Down by the hearth, where he sits and dozes,
Flicker and flutter the light and shade,
And he dreams of the form of a swell barmaid,
Whose face stands out midst the crowd of noses.

Visions arise of a scene of mirth,
And that bar-room belle who absurdly poses;
A greedy woman of little worth,
And he is the happiest man on earth,
As he paints his nose as red as the roses.

Gone for ever is she from his sight,
But a man must reap whatever he sows;
Look in the glass, and he sees to-night,
A wonderful sight that gives him a fright,
'Tis the maid's souvenir, a champion nose.

Fog

WHEN perchance you've travelled far,
Just to see some wondrous sight,
Then of course your evil star
Weaves around the mists of night:
Though mid-day your watch may log,
All is dimmed by horrid fog.

Like a man, your luck you curse,
And you hope the clouds will clear;
All in vain that hope you nurse,
Nought to you will now appear.
Everything remains incog,
Hidden by that awful fog.

Then you go upon your way,
With a mind not free from care;
Sad it is to lose a day
That you might have spent elsewhere;
Hard you pray, you next may jog
To a place that's clear of fog.

A Life on the Ocean Wave

“**A** LIFE on the ocean wave,”
Is often sung with glee on shore;
“A home on the rolling deep,”
Is what a landsman likes to roar.

Place that singer 'board a ship,
With sea that's rough to shake him well,
Other tunes from him you'll hear;
No ocean praise he then will yell.

So it is with things unknown,
We oft declare them wondrous fine,
Though if we but knew the truth,
To sing their praises we'd decline.

The Bluebottle

ONE afternoon, he sat at ease,
His soul from every trouble free.
He dozed, half-lulled by summer breeze,
A pipe in mouth and book on knee.

Whilst resting thus, with mind serene,
A noise he heard that boded ill;
He wondered what that sound could mean,
That sound that seemed the air to fill.

Not long in doubt was he to be,
For round his pate a big bluebottle
Went on and on with busy glee,
As though its glee it could not throttle.

Alas for him who aims too low!
With mind unhinged he dashed out blows
That freely made the ruby flow.
He missed that fly—but struck his nose.

Smoke Drift

WATCHING smoke he makes, as it floats
above

He at last awakes from a dream of love;
Love for one who dwells in a far-off land,
Isle of shady dells with a silver strand.

Shall he ever more, ere his youth has fled,
See that tropic shore with its sunsets red?
Is she still left free with a loving heart?
Does she blame the sea that they are apart?

Vain the smoke to ask aught about a girl;
Liking not the task, upwards it doth curl;
With a heavy sigh, then, he scans the cloud,
As it creeps on high, forming quite a shroud.

Still his mind will roam to that land afar,
Sitting here at home, smoking his cigar;
Being much afraid fate his course will steer
Far from that sweet maid, smoke his soul
must cheer.

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